

Saving the last of the trees

or

The unending ending of a Sonnet: of Quatrain  
and Couplet

By

Indana Simonde

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Part 1 - Introduction to the Unending Sonnet

### A letter

Dearest [son's] of mine, family, friends, lovers past, present and (or) future and the world at large,

I am sorry. For the love I allowed to be stolen, freely offered as a gift only for it to be released. I could have given more time / energy / compassion / love, that word that revered and honoured like a mystical magical talisman or a truth. Thank you for being the light of my life. The truth is, I was alone; desperately alone. Arms, these arms I draw comfort from. All I have failed to travail beyond moronic failure such as my own. Day in, day out, I ramble, a mild innocuous faltering or lack of the purity of candle light. Traumatized, the realised potential staggers down an empty thoroughfare, unawares as to the call of bygone days now aeons away.

I prayed for all the good virtues, be they love, honour, mercy, peace and yet I requested a return to a tearless, jaunty through solitude. I was in love then as with now, only my ego forced me to be proud, strong, complacently fearless. How the mighty have fallen to the scratching wings and talons of my less than solid surface.

Its gone, my love for academia, my musing, my hope; replaced with the unending melodrama. Today, as I sit watching the sun through closed curtains I find it. Today, I am alone. So, I didn't think this would hurt quite so much. Behind the tears and the burning of a soul for all to see, I saw it and thought of you. A tree like a family, a home, belonging. But in my maturity (or lack thereof) I realise it was someone else's tree, a family, a home, belonging. So, I didn't think this would hurt so much.

### A painful reminder

Suicide will only hurt those people closest to me. I can't keep thinking its the answer every time I go off the rails. Years from now, I'll look back at the sunny dark cloud over someone else's head and think; '*God, made it through*'. Blood, sweat and tears may be all I have to show for my empty life but at the least, I can say I was here. For now is reality, not yesterday or tomorrow. I have to stop and take stock of how happy I make myself. Then keep smiling.

Don't cry at work. Don't quit. It's only the dream I love, the reality is far from Utopia. I will get better and this will get easier. Stay positive and focus on somewhere that isn't a few tears away. I will say goodbye now and then to the habit of self loathing to remind myself that pain is my life. It sucks but hey, if I was meant to be happy I would be.

### *A revolution of one (II)*

Together life lacks the loneliness, the isolation of loss; be it of revolutions new or old. Revolutions define the social actors, players and conductors who unify a symphony of cooperation in unison allowing a change to ensue. That change is the sound of difference exemplified and honoured by those people(s) with whom that sound of revolution is categorically allowed to grace. In silence we watch scenes unfold unknowingly making value judgements of a kind that a solitary stance fails to intimate.

Despite knowledge or academia, still a message such as that of gentle soothing and undeniable hope, gratitude, thankfulness or other societal differentiators are left to the imagination. This is such that the good in a badly lived life might still have value evidenced through seemingly random acts of kindness or mercies provided to the 'unworthy' or 'undeserving'. Whilst all this rests ever truer in amongst the darkness of this, our terminal modern age. It does not express the peace, love or tenderness that a nation of individuals or even nation states exude between one another.

The broken soul exhibited by the nonchalance of men and women with regards to those people(s) worse off than themselves may in part be a result of psychosocial conditioning through mixed messages in the media, along with poor moral countenance. That is not to say the modern generation of this age have no morals, but rather larger freedoms. With the advent of greater choice and increasing freedom(s), in any regard comes the responsible need to articulate and announce proactive and productive means of exchange.

There are tender, heart warming moments that allow a person to showcase their loving heart and soul through altruistic means. To go further socially would, on an anthropogenic level, in which the revolution or revolutionary cause would involve a war to increase the idea and ideology of love through a caring and honest attitude towards relationships with friends and strangers.

Personal improvement in order to change the idea of identity ascribed through the mixed messages of the media

requires an introspective statement of value towards the self. A wider development of a society requires cognisant thinking and planning for the same without and in opposition to the reticence of the age. Giving up, whilst a choice, is also an opportunity cost in the sense that a person who gives up on others and treats everyone as an equal in every regard would lose out on moral feelings of gratitude and thankfulness where they reduce their belief in others through their actions.

For many, actions speak louder than words, but for others, words are all a person has with which to express themselves and communicate with other people. It depends on how life is viewed, be it through a narrow field of vision or frame of mind or through wider perspectives. Narrowing a person's frame of mind directly and on purpose can either increase their ignorance due to bias, or create the very good people seek depending on their social interactions and the beliefs they hold. Widening a person's perspective requires responsive and responsible, non-judgemental consistency and perseverance, even where it seems difficult to open up the Pandora's box of the mind or to grow more accepting and tolerant.

To define a revolution, the aim is paramount i.e. who are you looking to help, serve, heal or be healed by? How are you going to change systems, policies and long held customs over time with a view to enhancing the situation at present? What resources are required in order to reach that plateau, of hope, peace and calm? The example questions, though limited in their reasoned questioning are not only necessary but integral to the cultural and social backlash of what is commonly held to be a revolution. Time, preparation and planning of any revolutionary cause is the only route to a successful outcome where rather than an over ambitious idea that has little or no direction. Of course, with the best laid plans comes a chance to appraise analytically the changes applied and then allows those in charge to direct the course of future actions based on past successes and victories. Although where this is true, what worked in one ambiguous or particular situation may not necessarily provide the outcome required in all situations.

Revolution draw from a central idea of a person or group of people who require a change of some sort within restrictive and prohibitive structures and infrastructures to define the 'change' required by a group is outwith my remit, but suffice to say the rights of a group may be infringed or supportive collaboration in order to reduce emancipation or subjugation by intolerable forces of domination should suffice, though this is further reaching than at present defined.

### Salvation is freedom(s)

It's over (and) I lost everything for my own indiscretion. I fear on the eve of a new temporary contract I am facing my own darkest days demonised by the darkness of an isolated mind. Alone, I feel hopeless despair discouraged and distanced from all of reality.

The yearning within me is to *find her, seek her out and hug, talk, walk and talk more*. But the reality is, post engagement ring, I have humiliated myself to no end (again). There is really no going backwards in time, save for the memories of what could have been were it not, simply put, for the hands of fate. I was destined to be life's loser. So, I guess this is a self fulfilling prophecy. Anyway, stay positive and believe in love, hope and peace because if other people can find it, be it in God or other people, surely I can too?

## A pointless poem about diamond(s)

She was my hope, an unattainable dream.  
Once, the world on our shoulders, wind in our hair,  
we dared to grace stars  
and countless constellations with our presence,  
melting ice caps and frozen hearts alike.  
I awake upon a bed of roses,  
the roses being a part of me,  
we are one by nature.  
expressing our growth through life.  
Together we could have been more,  
but on our solitary trajectory skyward,  
where above is a blackened maze,  
a cacophony of shredded self doubt,  
lonely rose leaf falls

## The unending sonnet

### Quatrain I

I am aware of nothing that is bright,  
Nothing bar the air divine, who's soul depart;  
In this bitter sight, astrological light,  
Honour is more than just me and my heart.

### Quatrain II

There is a place that is far from this dark,  
dancing in shadow falls the eye of fate;  
Amidst cloister, pillar and green park,  
A bent nib defines this shallow beats rate

### Quatrain III

For the first time, amongst themselves they do share,  
Feasting on the bare minimum, a pack.  
Hungry for peaceful dreams of a wild pair  
Despite all that I conform to, I lack.

### Couplet I

## [Nameless] / The warm and fuzzy

Words; they become us, defining the very nature of a persons character. The nature of a persons character, the nature of our interactions, behaviours and mannerisms in public and in private are proposed through out thoughts, words and deeds. Yet, as a new series of crises and tragedies unfolds, yet another series of revolutions arcing through untold minds revolves as though thought was all there was; all there ever could be.

Recently I had a dream, of a confounding and decipherable nature, yet too soon the memory fades. My dream(s) revolved around technology in a synthesis between good and moral (anti-gravitation and self propelled engines) and potentially immoral (overtaking a war and fighting through time and history to survive no matter what the cost).

Equality, separated from the rest of this sentence, is a state of mind. There was a time when I was free. An age of affluent non nonchalance, when people danced at night and during the day, they laughed and fought for peace together in unison. That age, in which I was born, bore the hallmark of the struggles that had preceded the very same. We, myself included, would share our dreams, talking of charities we would love to run, or places we were going to visit. That was all before people started leaving, before the isolation took hold and the struggles of bygone generations became my own struggle.

I'd begun a treatise of an 'epic' nature in my own mind; a tale surrounding a crew of a temporal, time travelling ship, with a crew that was unfocused and lacking clear leadership. There was no direction and I kept getting lost in my waking dream. That was then. I learnt to live by clocks, to survive by other peoples kindness. I found myself alone in a world I didn't know, couldn't relate to or understand every time I picked up a pen, all I would write about was a multiple stance on the idea of the universe as an escape from the reality of my situation. So engrossed in learning and writing was I, that I forgot who I was trying to

become; or who I was at present. I needed a job, but before I'd even applied, I'd lost the job. How would I free myself from this?

## Part 2 - previously unpublished versions and lines

### The Birth of Ær – Version 1

“Every ghost has a story to tell of war and the struggles that preceded them.” the air was cold as the words steadily past from their lips. The two of them had stood for a while, saying nothing. The two of them stood quietly contemplating. It was only a moment, but for them both it seemed like an eternity as the light that saw no end continued to dance around their bodies. She, Abigail moved slowly, at first taking in the flora and fauna. It was truly a sight to behold after all these years waiting. His patience had waned a little. For Hugh, time was an abstract concept of yesteryear, a concept all too human, all too real and yet too intangible to allow to be.

The wind was calm, cool and breezy, but unknown to them both as they removed their breathing apparatus, they were already infected. The emptiness of the beach, the silence as the trees swayed, all of it seemed too good to be true. As they stood looking out across the bay, it almost reminded her of their wedding day; a day in which he had sworn in front of their family and friends that they would be true to one another forever. “Hugh!” she began almost too sternly as she then smiled, turning to look at her husband.

“We survived..” he replied as he gathered his effects and scientific paraphernalia from a closed metallic hypercube that slowly opened from the top upwards. The field ahead looked clean and ready to be worked by the colonists.

“We’ve found it. We’ve founded our New Earth.” she continued curiously excited at the prospect of being one of the first off of the ship.

The second group to leave the ship was also a member of the scientific team, Alexis Granger, who was more cautious due to the inherent fear of deep space; unlike the Lords who were already preparing all manner of scientific experiments. Within an hour, half of the crew compliment of the liberation crew who were aboard this foreign planet, in order to begin their lives



anew. All of them busied themselves as with basic training and the dream of a new home. All of them infected in time by the Ær.

## The Birth of Ær – Version 2

The steady rhythmical sound, a sort of sonic hue that emanated from the darkest recesses of the ship, could be heard from the upper echelons of the Liberation. Their journey into the unknown had cost more than could be counted, in man hours or labour. “That’s the last one!” Abigail’s unamused voice began, whilst attempting to open a communications line from the bridge section to the engineering department head. Little progress had been made with regards to the recollection of the spatial probes, designed to such a high specification that there just weren’t enough resources left on Earth.

## The Birth of Ær – Version 3

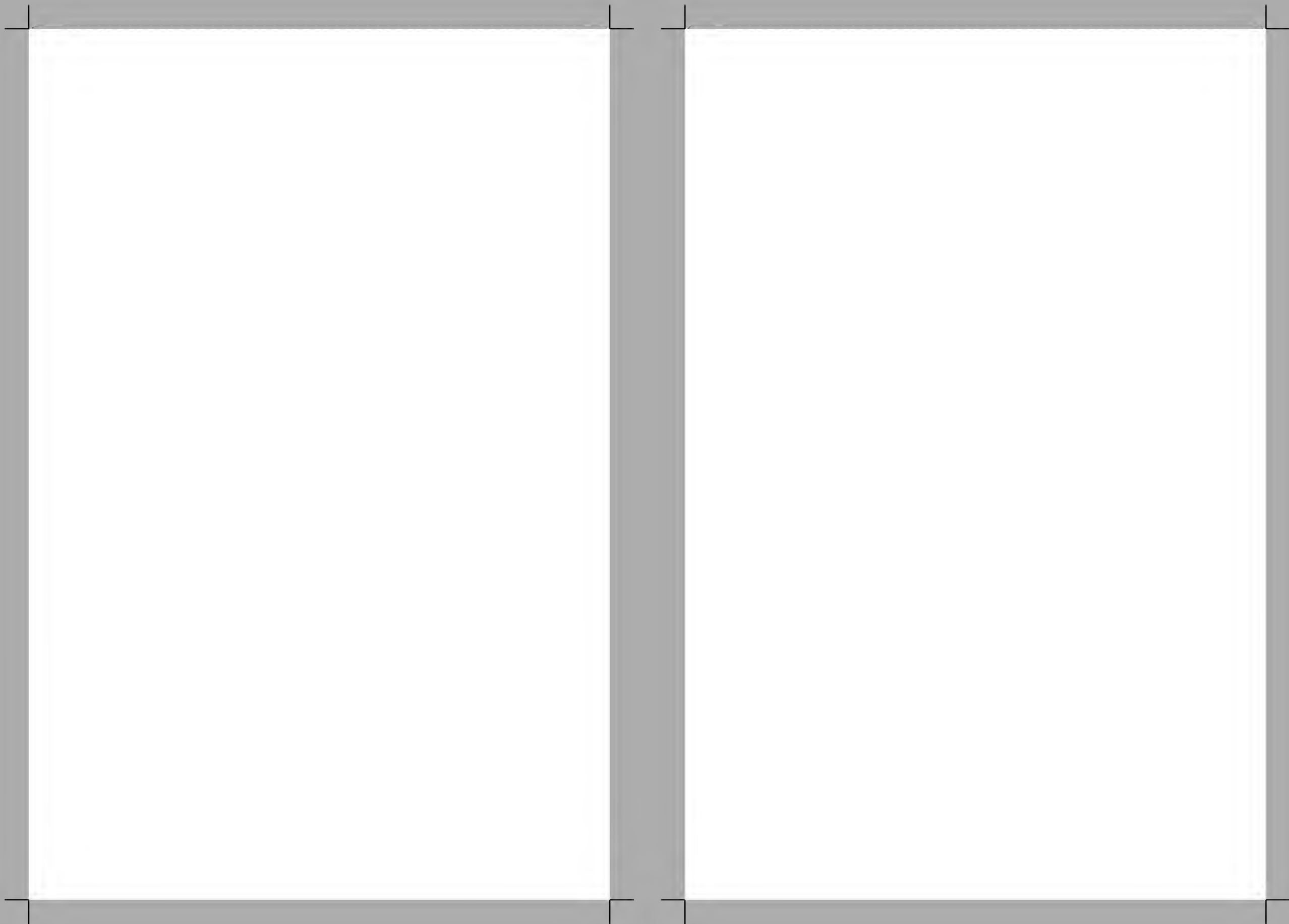
The crew of the Liberation were mostly scientific analysts, propping up an ageing military infrastructure and supporting the interests of Earth’s major hunt for resources within every galaxy. The gold and Iron had to be out there along with other precious metals and crystallised minerals. Time on the ship relative to time on Earth had changed the idea of exactly what the word meant. It ceased to hold the same meaning in space as it did when bound by the laws of gravitation. The Liberation had been sailing off course for a while now and the head of telemetry and navigation stood, sternly staring into a holocube, of which only he could see the transmission. It read;

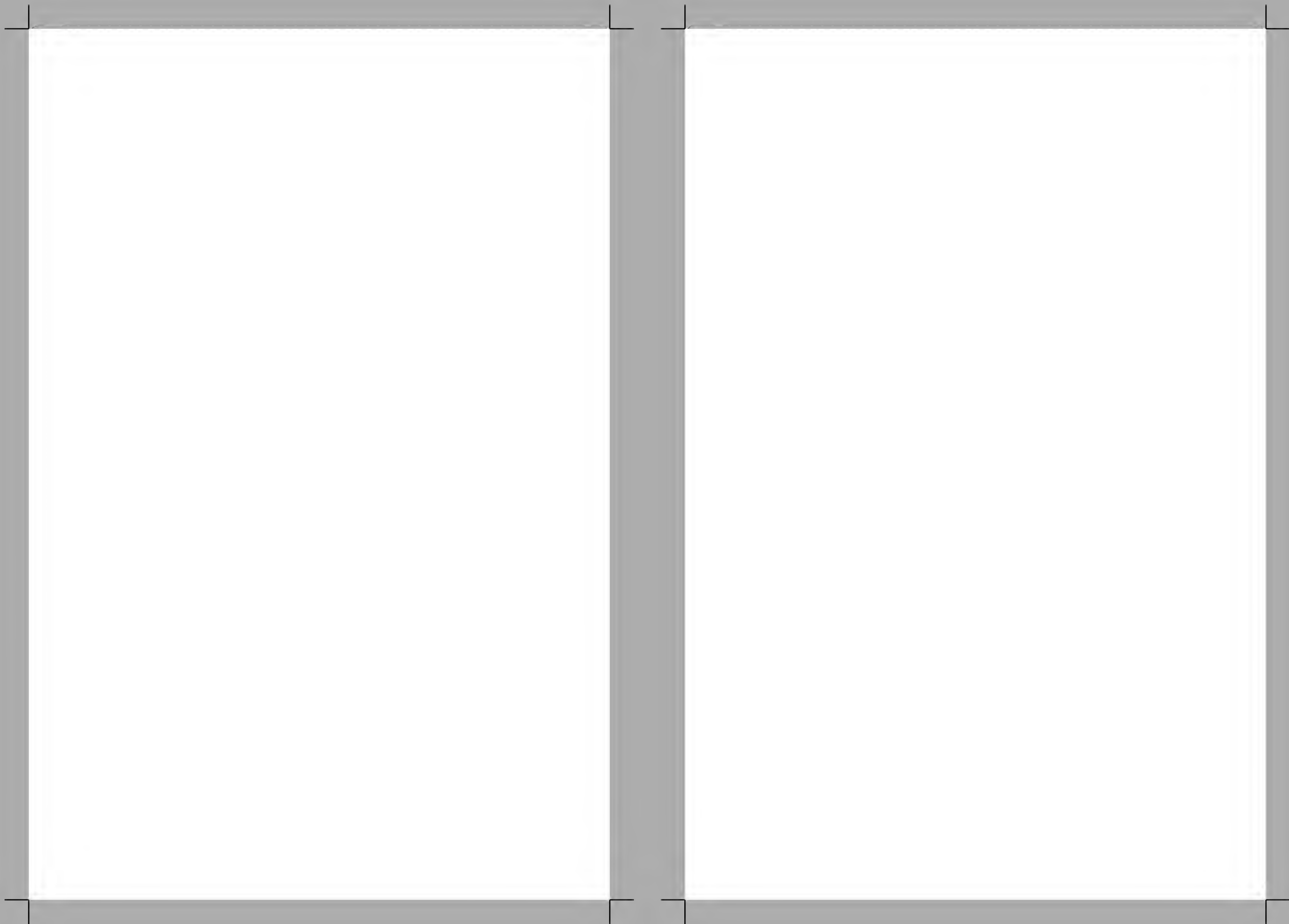
*“Dr Lord, may I take this juncture to provide details of our latest research relating to increased efficiency in particle distribution within the Ionic Displacement Unit of the Ion Drive. It should give the Liberation further manoeuvrability such that less fuel is used when entering gravitational fields”.* As he looked away from the transmission, the Accretion Disc of the black-body caught his eye through the enhanced stream. Today like every day, the synthesised alarm caused them to awaken in unison. As a member of the ‘night watch’, the skeleton crew, what was left of them,

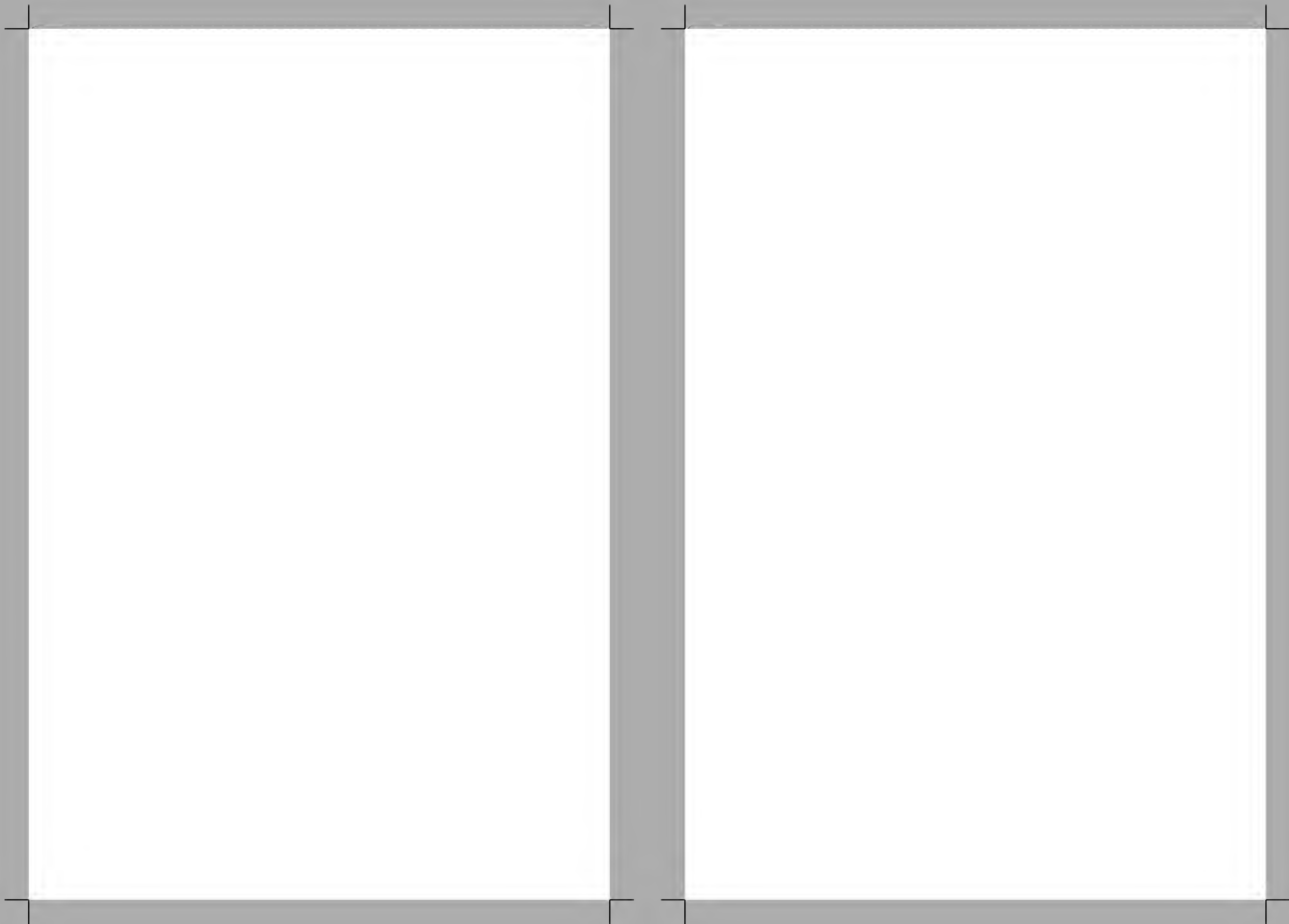
The time was nearing when

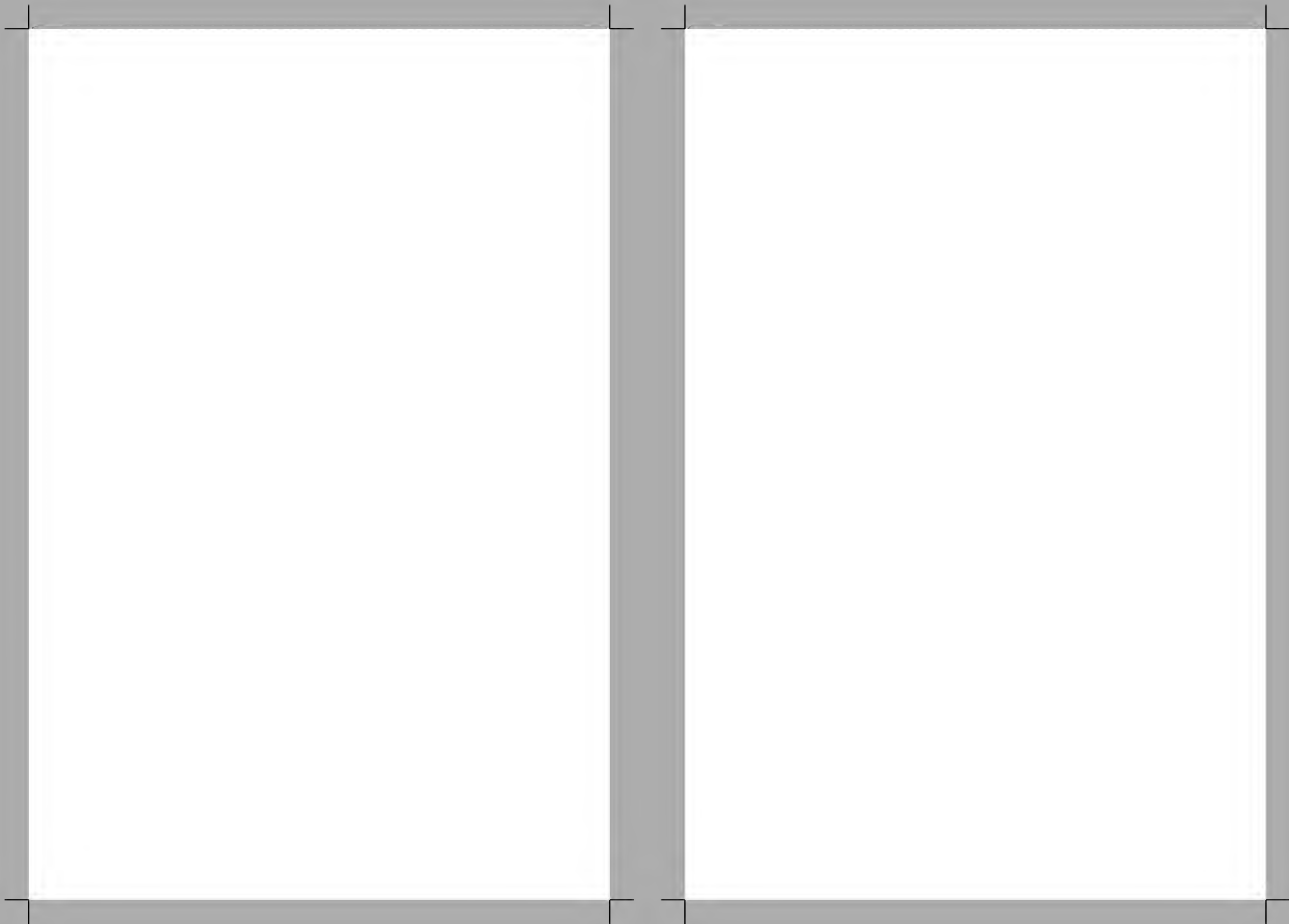
It was like heaven. All bar the whirring of the extractor fan aboard

For some, the thought of travelling was a route to the new freedom every member of the Utopian Liberation









Proof